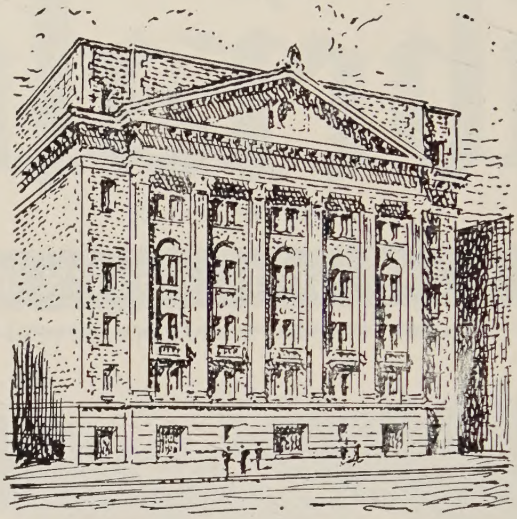
The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI JANUARY, 1960 Number 10

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

YOU will be reading these words in the first month of a new year. I express to you immediately my appreciation and continuing gratitude for all you have done in the past year to make it one of the most successful years our church has ever known.

1960 will be the completion of forty-eight years of my pastorate of our church. I am hoping that in the next two years my surprisingly good health will enable me to reach the fiftieth anniversary of my pastorate. Not many ministers and churches have this record.

We are making a two-year plan for the work of the church. More details about the plan will be outlined in the February Liberalist. All my life I have been a dreamer and I find, as I reach that inevitable maturity which I think is falsely called "age," that I continue to be a dreamer. But just dreaming dreams is not enough. I have had the good fortune of having many of my dreams become realities.

When I first came to the pulpit of our church many years ago, we were meeting in a hall, and then a theatre, and all the time I was dreaming of our own building. After years of planning and working, that dream became a reality and we built our own beautiful building.

Then the dream of having the building finally paid for and out of debt took possession of me and that dream has become a reality, for last year we paid all the indebtedness on our building and it is now free of debt.

Another dream was to have a carillon which would send out over Uptown Chicago beautiful music. Mrs. Edgar Rice Mason, an ardent listener in Aurora, Illinois, heard my reference to a carillon; and at great expense she had installed the beautiful Deagan carillon which, every evening at six o'clock and every Sunday morning at 10:45, sends out from our church over a large area inspiring music.

When our church was constructed the architect left a great panel above our choir loft. Occasionally I have referred to our desire for a beautiful mural to occupy the space. When we were laboring with the bond issue and other financial problems, this seemed a remote achievement, but one of our most loyal attendants at church, Mr. Leonard Hicks, Vice President and Executive Director of the Pick-Congress Hotel of our city, heard me often refer to my dream for a mural. Mr. Hicks is one of the best known hotel men in the United States and is appearing constantly before conventions and banquets throughout the country. He has been a long-time personal friend of mine and one evening he invited June and me to have dinner with him in the beautiful Pompeian Room of the Pick-Congress Hotel. During the dinner I noticed the unusual murals which were on the walls of this dining room.

They appealed to me greatly. The form, color, composition, subject matter and interpretation of the artist aroused my interest.

Mr. Hicks told me about the artist and the reputation which he bears. The interest which I evidenced inspired Mr. Hicks to mention my hope for a mural in the church sanctuary, and then he said: "If you will get in touch with the artist and discuss the matter with him, I will personally present the mural as a gift to the church." Murals

are expensive and take a long time to create.

This conversation was the beginning of the realization of another dream. I met the artist, he came out to the church, we made measurements of the space to be covered and he went to work on the preliminary sketches. Finally, after carefully considering several, those who were consulted agreed with me on a definite decision.

It took over a year for the plan to mature. We are publishing in this issue a picture of the mural. You do not appreciate the full beauty and message of the mural from a black and white reproduction. You must see it in color to realize what the artist has accomplished in presenting the theme which I suggested to him.

Now a word about the painting and the artist. It was done by one of America's best-known mural painters, Mr. Louis Grell. Mr. Grell was a student of the School of Applied Arts in Hamburg, Germany, and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, also the University of Munich. He became an instructor in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, and then a member of the faculty of the Chicago Art Institute, from which he resigned under the pressure of so many demands for murals throughout the country.

He did the large decorative painting of Apollo on the proscenium arch of the Chicago Theatre. He did also the famous mural of the ceiling in the Waterboard Building in the City of Detroit, and the historical paintings in the Bank of Detroit. He did the celebrated mural in the Union Station in St. Louis; and perhaps one of his most famous in the United States is the one of the first four Presidents, which can be seen in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. He has examples of his work in Toledo, Baton Rouge, Waco, Texas; and many other places in this country. He has done many murals for churches of all denominations.

He was awarded the Chicago Municipal Art League prize for portraiture and the Harry Frank prize, Chicago Art Institute. He is a member and director in the Chicago Association of Painters and Sculptors. I was most favorably impressed with his work which I have seen in many places, and was thrilled with the possibility of his doing a mural for our sanctuary.

He visited the church during a service several times, in order to get the spirit of our work and the church, and to study the location for the mural. I had several conferences with him and was encouraged by his readiness to appreciate what we had in mind. We did not want anything of an ecclesiastical or dogmatic religious character. Our church is a church for the people—a people's church—and we wanted to express the universality and the liberality for which we stand. We wanted something which would indicate our constructive and creative attitude in religion, rather than a negative approach. Liberal religionists often spend a great deal of time emphasizing what they do not believe. What liberal religion does stand for is preeminently constructive and creative. Fighting another's church or creed or race is always inadequate and futile.

On Sunday, December 13th, the day arrived when we unveiled the mural. Unveiling the mural were the artist, Mr. Louis Grell, and the donor, Mr. Leonard Hicks. More than 1200 people were present at the service. It was an unforgettable experience for me and one of many great moments which I have had in our pulpit. The unveiling service was very simple, but most effective.

The sanctuary was darkened, lights

flooded the mural, and as Mr. Grell and Mr. Hicks released the curtain which hung over the mural the reaction of the congregation was immediate and fully appreciative. There was a moment of silence in which the eyes of us all looked for the first time upon our mural. Applause is unusual and unwanted in our morning worship service, but someone, somewhere in the congregation could not contain themselves, and after a few silent moments the whole congregation broke out in thunderous applause. As it died away I closed the service with a few words of appreciation. We all sat in silence as the choir in its recessional left the sanctuary.

I am sure the mural will grow upon people who give it careful thought and study. Since the unveiling many people have come into the church in the daytime to see the mural. If any of our readers are in Chicago at any time, we shall be glad to light the mural for you.

The painting is 22 feet high and 15 feet wide. It contains 41 over-lifesize figures, the ones in front being almost eight feet high. The artist most successfully designed a mural consonant with the thought and attitude of our church. In the description which Mr. Grell sent me, he used this sentence:

"I adhered as much as possible to the conversation we had when you explained your ideas to me. I had to transpose these ideas into some visible, living form which could be understood by all. The interior architecture of the church also had to be considered in order to make the panel an integral part of the room."

The painting is designed with a large group of people. Standing on higher ground against a background of natural beauty is a youthful figure clad in red, which dominates the composition and represents a symbol of the highest religious thought. It is the only idealistic figure in the mural, all the other characters depicting certain phases in our society. Many different types of people and races are represented; and faith, inspiration, love, meditation and discussion are indicated. The brotherhood of man is the ultimate expression of the mural. The universal, ethnological aspect is also emphasized, for every ethnic group is represented.

The central figure toward which all the others turn is the ultimate spirit of love and truth and goodness, and projects the spirit of Christ and every other devout religious teacher man has known. It can mean to the beholder whatever he finds in it. To the Christian it means Christ, to the Buddhist Buddha and to the Indian Gandhi.

Beginning with the upper left group there are the different figures of three youthful women, depicting the virtues of faith, hope and love; then a group in which we see a farmer; next to him a family of colored people; a little lower two girl students; in the foreground a typical American family of father, mother and two children. An older woman sitting alone represents a widow; a working man is shown in thoughtful meditation; a kneeling teacher pointing upward is showing a child the true way to a triumphant life. Next we see two professional men in conversation. One could be a scientist or a medical man, and the other could be a lawyer, a philosopher or historian. Above stand two Asiatics and an American Indian; and the whole group is an assembly of types of people. The main figure, standing with arms outstretched, is inviting them all into the higher altitude of noble ideas and unselfish living.

I thought that many of our readers throughout the country and over seas,

who may never get an opportunity to see the mural might appreciate this rather sketchy analysis of it. I am sure it will grow on us all and that at every service someone will see something new and inspiring in it.

I express again to the artist, Mr. Louis Grell, and to Mr. Leonard Hicks, in behalf of every friend and member of our church, how deeply we appreciate what they have accomplished; and another dream has become a reality!

* * *

December has been an active and interesting month for me. I am writing this before our Annual Christmas Eve Candle Light Service, so I cannot tell you about that. The attendance during the month of December, in spite of inclement weather and the activity which is associated with the holiday preparations, has been excellent and most encouraging. Our Chorus Choir, under the direction of Mr. Frank Bennett, with Mrs. Bennett at the organ and Ethel Green at the piano, presented a very beautiful evening for the Goodfellows Club of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Philip Maxwell of the Editorial Department of the Chicago Tribune, and Director of the Goodfellows' activities, was present and spoke most interestingly, and read several of his own poems. Our Candle Light Service was composed entirely by Mrs. Bennett, with Rev. Mr. Kraft as narrator. A large congregation received it gladly and it contributed much to a deeper appreciation of the Christmas spirit.

We have a choir of about sixty voices now and have presented some unusual Christmas music during the season. For their co-operation and help I am always grateful.

* * *

One of the most interesting events in which I participated during December was held on Thursday, December 10th, when the Fourteenth Annual Awards Luncheon was given under the auspices of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations. The Chicago Commission on Human Relations was established by the Mayor of Chicago shortly after the race riots in the City of Detroit. The Mayor was deeply concerned, but nothing comparable happened in the City of Chicago; and he formed the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations. I was appointed as a charter member and have served on that commission ever since. It is a fine group of yonder-minded men and women of the City of Chicago and is composed of fifteen persons.

The well-known Chicago attorney and former member of the Chicago Bar Association, Mr. Augustine J. Bowe, is the Chairman. The Vice Chairman is another distinguished attorney, Mr. Ely M. Aaron, and the Secretary is Mr. Ralph D. Robinson.

The other members are Morris Bialis, Manager Chicago Joint Board International Ladies Garment Workers, AFL-CIO; William G. Caples, Inland Steel Company; Lester Crown, Vice President Marblehead Lime Company; Ulysses G. Dailey, M.D.; Jerome J. Friedman, Attorney; Mrs. Wendell E. Green; Maurice McElligott, Secretary-Treasurer, Illinois Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, AFL-CIO; Hale Nelson, Vice President Illinois Bell Telephone Company; Mrs. William Petersen, Hull House; Peter R. Scalise, Attorney, and Ray L. Walker, Vice President United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company.

It has been a great experience for me to have worked with this fine group of people in an effort to better human relations in our city. The Commission

has accomplished a great deal and I think is one of the most important commissions in our city.

I gave the Award Citations at the luncheon and after each citation Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago presented the plaque.

Awards were presented to:

Mr. Irving Kupcinet, distinguished columnist of "Kup's Column," in the Chicago Sun-Times and Moderator of the justly popular TV program, "At Random."

Rev. Warren G. Studer, pastor of Crerar Memorial Presbyterian Church, who has done such unusual work in maintaining open membership for his church.

Mr. Clifford R. Rees, President of the Lawndale Community Committee, who has provided such wholesome activity in the North Lawndale Community, without regard for race, religion or national origin.

Mr. Lenehan, the Assistant Administrator of Alexian Brothers Hospital, accepted for Brother Dominic, the Administrator, who could not be present. Alexian Brothers Hospital was honored as a hospital which knows no boundaries of race or color or national origin.

Mr. John Gallacer, President of Local 194, Retail and Wholesale Department Store Union, AFL-CIO, accepted the award for the local, for holding to a policy of open membership and reflecting the consistent application of fair employment principles.

Mr. William J. Reardon, Site Manager of the Lake Meadows Housing Development, a community for all, where Negro and Nisei, Central European and Latin, and native white can live if they choose, in harmony, free of pressure and censure.

The Thomas H. Wright Achievement Award was presented to the Reverend Leo T. Mahon, who is the Executive Assistant Co-ordinator for the Cardinal's Committee for the Spanish speaking in Chicago. This award has been presented by our Commission every year since 1952 and honors the memory of the late Executive Director of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations. Mr. Wright was a friend of mine and Chicago never had a finer or more efficient leader in the increasingly difficult area of human relations.

The Red Laquer Room in the Palmer House was filled to overflowing at this luncheon. It is tragic in this period of so much tension that more people do not know of the constructive work which is being done in the field of human relations.

* * *

Another event which I wish I had more room to tell you about was the meeting of the University of Illinois Citizens Committee here in the University Club of Chicago on December 8th. I was appointed a member of this committee by the President of the University, Dr. David G. Henry. The committee is made up of public spirited and opinion-forming citizens who perform an important function in the life of the University and make valuable contributions to public education in Illinois.

At this meeting the Vice President, in charge of the Chicago Professional Colleges, Dr. H. E. Longenecker, spoke on "A Century of Progress." The other speakers were Dr. George L. Webster, Dean of the College of Pharmacy; Dr. Ferdinand B. Zienty, Director of Research, Organic Chemicals Division, Monsanto Chemical Company; Dr. C. Northcote Parkinson, who is the George A. Miller Visiting Professor of History and Political Science, and who gave a most humorous, satirical talk

on Parkinson's Law. It was satire at its best.

The occasion was the commemoration of one hundred years of pharmaceutical education. Dr. Henry, the President, concluded the evening by discussing various aspects of the problem which the University is facing in the establishment of a Chicago Branch. Dr. Henry was formerly President of Wayne University, where my two nieces attended. He is a delightful personality, a radio listener and is performing monumental service to the cause of higher education in our State.

* * *

Every Thursday noon during the month of January I am giving my annual course of noonday lectures in the main auditorium of the Chicago Public Library at Randolph and Michigan Avenues. The lectures begin at 12:10 and close at 12:40 and are open to the public. The subjects are Darwin, Einstein, Schweitzer and Marx.

I always enjoy this lectureship. The response is surprising and in a way overwhelming, for at every lecture the auditorium is filled and people are standing. It is indicative to me that people are interested in educational and cultural things and will take time out of the luncheon period to attend these lectures. It gives me an opportunity to meet many radio friends whom I would otherwise never know. It is a stimulating experience for me, because of the necessary preparation for this type of lecture. The lectures of course are free and if you are in Chicago on a Thursday noon you will be most welcome.

* * *

We are planning a most interesting January series of Sunday evening lectures, one of the most interesting being Sunday evening, January 10th, when the church will be host to the various groups of Alcoholics Anonymous in our city. This is always an interesting event. The speaker this year will be Lt. Joseph E. Thurston of the Chicago Police Department, who is President of the Chicago Fellowship Club, which is an Alcoholics Anonymous group in the Chicago Police Department. I know personally so many people who have been helped through Alcoholics Anonymous that I always feel any effort made to help those with a drinking problem ought to be encouraged.

* * *

Well, my space is gone.

KEEP LOOKING UP!

Dr. Bradley's Book Lectures

Wednesday Evenings in February,
8:00 P.M.

Feb. 3—"The Status Seekers"—Packard.

Feb. 10—"Advise and Consent"—Drury.

Feb. 17—"Adventures of the Mind"—Introduction by Mark Van Doren.

The New Mural by the distinguished artist, Mr. Louis Grell, presented by Mr. Leonard Hicks, Vice President and Executive Director, Pick-Congress Hotel, was unveiled Sunday morning, Dec, 13, 1959.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

A PRAYERFUL EDITORIAL

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."

* * *

(Let us all pray this prayer at the beginning of a New Year, that it may engender in our hearts a greater love toward all humanity.)

INFINITE and eternal Heart of Love: Bless those who have lost the things that matter most of all.

Bless those who have lost their faith, those to whom things have happened that they cannot understand, those who feel like lost children out in the rain, those who are in the midst of a night in which even the stars have ceased to shine.

Bless those who have lost their hope, those whose dream has stubbornly refused to come true, those who glimpsed a glory only to have it end in tears.

Bless those who have lost heart, those who are so depressed and discouraged that they have come to feel that it is not worth trying anymore.

Bless those who have lost their interest and their zest in life, those to whom life has become nothing but a weary succession of duties which must be done, those who have no joy in earth's loveliness, no thrill in earth's work, no satisfaction in earth's relationships.

Bless those who have lost their health, those who are handicapped by their weakness, those whose constant companion is pain, those who have had to withdraw from the strenuous battle of life and who must watch the world go by.

Bless those who have lost their joy, those into whose life sorrow has come, those to whom memory is a fountain of tears, and the future an empty road.

Bless those who have lost their love, those who gave their heart to someone only to have it broken, those who feel that something is missing in life, and that somehow there is an unseen barrier between them and those to whom they should be closest of all.

Bless those who have lost their peace, those who are always worried, those who cannot enjoy the day and who cannot sleep at night because of the problems which haunt them and the anxieties which will not let them be.

Bless those who have lost their honor and their innocence, those who have sinned and who know it and who are sorry now, those who in their folly have taught someone else to sin.

Bless those who have lost the way,

those who back along the road of life at some crossroads took the wrong way, and for whom the way back is very hard.

Bless those who are very happy, those whose faith knows no doubt, those whose joy is unclouded by any sorrow, those whose bodies are strong and whose minds are at rest, and who walk in the wonder of the dawn.

Bless all our absent friends. Wherever they are, in other towns and countries, in the four corners of the earth or on the seven seas, in the navy, the army and the air force on their country's service, give thine angels charge over them to keep them safe.

Bless Thy Church, and grant unto her a new vision, a new certainty in her voice, a new strength in her arm, that she may be a fit instrument for Thy purposes upon earth.

Bless us and bless all whom we love. Grant unto us to know Thee more fully, to love Thee more deeply, to serve Thee more faithfully that our whole lives may be an offering and a sacrifice to Thee.

"DESIGN FOR INNER PEACE"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
NOVEMBER 15, 1959

IS there such a thing as finding a Design For Inner Peace? Now every thoughtful, discriminating person knows how important a design is, or plan, for anything. Ask the architect; ask the builder; ask the lawyer; ask the merchant, ask anybody. We're all cognizant and immediately aware that it is necessary if we're going to live our lives constructively and creatively, that they be conditioned by some sort of pattern. A life that is confused and anarchistic, vacillating, ephemeral, temporal, is a life in turmoil and, of course, the life in turmoil is a life that never has any great inner peace! Wherever you find people individually disturbed and excited and confused by the experiences of life, on careful analysis it has been my experience that you will find a person who hasn't any design! They haven't any pattern! They don't know where they're going and they have no clear-cut objectives.

I think that one of the most important things in a young person's life is to begin as early as possible to think in terms of realization: what is life going to do to me and what will I be at thirty, at twenty-five? You can't do it with a great degree of accuracy, but I am speaking now of a personal experience in this: I preached my first sermon when I was fifteen! I was a student-pastor of a church up in Hillman, Michigan the summer I was sixteen and I spent those summers out of college in little churches. The first church I had was at Hillman, way up in Montmorency County in the State of Michigan. I had three little log churches up there and there wasn't a railroad in the County, and I used to ride horseback every Sunday to each of these three little churches, and preach three times every Sunday. Up there all summer long, then back to college, then back to a summer pastorate. And I never remember the time in the early days of my own life when I didn't look forward to exactly what I am doing now! I had the vision of being just the kind of a minister I am (far beneath the realization of my ideal, I'll grant you) but I had the

vision of doing exactly what I am doing now before I was sixteen years of age! I had an objective! I wanted to build a pattern for my life! That pattern has met many tests! That pattern has, at times, almost disintegrated! That pattern has known many challenges and that pattern has had to have some definite revisions! I'm not speaking about an inflexible thing when I speak about the pattern, but I had a pattern for my life.

Might I say to any young person in the congregation this morning (and there are many) or any young person who might be listening to me: if you want to find the area of escape from being tyrannized later on in the maturity of your life, by any experience or episode in the world (war, poverty, disease) whatever will be coming into your life and meeting a challenge that you have to face, if you want to meet that successfully you get a real pattern for your life! You find a pattern, a design, and no matter how you are compelled to undergo modifications or changes in that pattern, you maintain the integrity of the objective for your lives! People who drift are always driftwood! People who are content to be victims of circumstances and who are always harping about "circumstances are responsible for this, or circumstances are responsible for that" are the people who never have that inner and serene tranquility which is necessary for ultimate peace of heart and of soul! I see it about me every day of my life!

When the old rabbi was consulted by a young member of his synagogue who was in great turmoil, the old rabbi said to him: "What is the most important thing to you in life?" And the young man looked at him and talked about fame and about finance and about position and about power. The young man outlined to the old rabbi all sorts of objectives that inspire so many people. And the old rabbi sat there and, in the wisdom of the ages, he looked at the young man and said: "Ah, but you have left out the most important of all!" and the young man said: "Rabbi, what is that?" and the old rabbi said, "Peace of mind!" Peace of mind! Rabbi Josh Leibman, an old friend of mine in Boston, caught the sentence and he wrote a book called Peace of Mind, and that book was the first book in the whole series of inspirational books that settled down upon the readers of America, finding probably its highest and greatest acceptance in the philosophy of Dr. Peale's Power of Positive Thinking. But Rabbi Leibman wrote the first one: Peace of Mind.

My dear friends, there is no substitute for that! You could have all the money that is buried in Fort Knox, every dollar of it could all be yours; you could have all the fame of a great president, known around the world; you could have all the power of a great dictator; you could have everything, everything, but if deep down inside of you you haven't peace of mind and inner tranquility of soul and serenity of heart you haven't anything! The rest of it is sounding brass and tinkling cymbals! The rest of it is ephemeral and evanescent! The rest of it belongs to a moment and not a life! It belongs to a segment of time and not eternity! People who haven't that inner peace have lost everything!

Is there a pattern for it? Oh, I think so! This is a great hour of challenge! You know we Americans, we chew and eat and swallow more aspirin than any other people in the world! We take it by literally millions of pounds. Millions of pounds of aspirin every day are consumed by Americans! One of

the things that I'm rather proud of is the fact that I don't know what it tastes like! I've never taken an aspirin in my life! I don't like poison! And another thing that I have been tremendously interested in is seeing the great wave of tranquilizers! Everybody looking for tranquilizers! We use more tranquilizers than any other people in the world! Millions of dollars more! And we can get more frightened over cranberries than any other people on this earth! Everybody's jittery now and scared to death of cranberries! If I can find a cranberry, I'm going to have some for my Thanksgiving dinner! I get utterly irritated and disgusted with this idea of spasmodic upheaval that indicates our own lack of tranquility and understanding! Practically all the fruit that you eat has already been sprayed with poisons, while the weed killing, spraying attitude of much of our American agriculture is destroying the songbirds of America, and they blanket the fields! A weed is only a misunderstood flower—that's all a weed is! And some of the most beautiful flowers I know are weeds! And that goes for human life too! And yet we get all excited because some scientist somewhere (I haven't seen any proof of it yet) but some scientist somewhere says they've been spraying cranberries with something that gives cancer to rats! But I don't see anybody tremendously excited about stopping nuclear energy that's poisoning all of us, and every individual is responding to nuclear energy! Can you get any mass formation at work about that? No! And why? Because it's a part of the killing program of the world! We get excited about cranberries, but not too excited about what radiation is doing to the unborn babies of the world!

When are we Americans going to get our sense of values straight? When are we going to stop being influenced by the lies that are told us in radio and television about medicine and about all the rest of it: when the American Dental Society knows that there isn't one single thing that can be introduced in a tooth paste that will stop decay or prevent it, and yet we're surfeited with all the bigotry of our own hypocrisy! No wonder we haven't peace of mind! No wonder we're confused and neurotic! No wonder we're having more mental breakdowns in our history! No wonder we're having more suicides than we've ever had in the history of the world! No wonder we're in this turmoil! No wonder we've lost our way! We've sought for bigness, noise and confusion and it is blighting the spiritual reality of life! When we recapture that we will find the dignity of order and the permanence of beauty, for every soul can have inner peace whose life is in order and whose heart is in love! And now, may the quiet beauty of the presence and infiltration of truth take away from our minds the obscurities and the confusions of our day, while we can say with the prophet of old: "Acquaint now thyself with God and peace will be in thy heart!"

BOOK CHATS

THIS is really going to be a Magazine Chat this month—a chat about *Wisdom Magazine,* which is published by The Wisdom Society, 8800 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California. The editors are guided by a single determination—to make *Wisdom* the world's finest

magazine of knowledge and education, and America's greatest and most rewarding reading value—a value unattained in any other publication regardless of price.

Wisdom is published not for profit but to advance the intelligence of the human mind. It provides a lifetime of education in a single compact magazine. It leads you to knowledge of our contemporary civilization. It is an indispensable aid in modern education. It brings together for you in one civilized magazine the sum total of human wisdom, told clearly, stirringly, eloquently, and so expressed as to meet the needs of both the present and future generations. It is a repository of all learning, a treasury of all great ideas. *Wisdom* has achieved a high measure of success, and has won world respect and acclaim for its masterful way of combining superb articles and supreme photographs.

The first edition was published in January of 1956. *Wisdom* has stood the test of time and has met the most critical of all tests—usefulness and dependability in the home, school and library—a mighty fortress against ignorance.

It is a new kind of magazine never known before—the world's first and only publication of its kind—an incomparable magazine with a great idea. No expense has been spared to make it a versatile, truly comprehensive, all-purpose educational magazine of timeless beauty and enduring quality. It is known the world over as America's finest magazine, created, edited and published in the proudest American tradition of excellence. It offers a whole new world of education. Its contents are of lasting value and importance.

There could hardly be a finer gift in the world of books and magazines for a young student or for a truly cultured person, or for one desiring to acquire culture.

The Wisdom Society for the Advancement of Knowledge, Learning and Research in Education, is a nonprofit educational publishing institution dedicated to the advancement of American education and to the highest aspirations of the human mind and spirit. It was established exclusively for educational purposes.

This magazine would make a wonderful gift of friendship to someone in a foreign land. As a vital educational force the Wisdom Society was founded to make knowledge reasonably available, more easily and more economically accessible to all; to preserve and strengthen the great ideas and ideals of the human mind in order that we might continue to enjoy the benefits which they have contributed to our way of life and to the enrichment of civilization; to encourage people to read widely, think deeply, and feel intensely about the world and men.

The Wisdom Society is an institution of high integrity, non-sectarian and non-political, and is free from the controls of needing to slant editorial policies to the judgment and the prejudices of businessmen, advertisers and pressure groups. It furthers the practice of American democracy by recognizing no barriers of race, color or creed.

You cannot buy the magazine at any bookstore or magazine stand. It is available only by membership in The Wisdom Society. Many distribution costs are saved by offering it direct to the readers. Annual membership in the society is $15, which is a generous saving of $15 under the Non-Member's price—at $5 a copy—for the same six copies if purchased singly. Membership includes a full subscription to *Wisdom*

Magazine which is published every other month, six times a year.

The current edition pays a tribute to the Encyclopaedia Britannica and its publisher, William Benton. There are articles on Art, Education, History, Language, Literature, Medicine, Music, Philosophy, Psychology, Religion and Science. One could profitably study this particular number until the publishing of the next number, two months later. Each number is bound in a hard cover, 10¼x13¼ inches, durable and easily preserved in a library. Just inside the covers is a photographic duplicate of all the covers issued to date and an index of the contents.

Glancing at these photographs of noted people we see such faces as Will Durant, Arnold J. Toynbee, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, George Bernard Shaw, A. Rodin, the sculptor, Laurence Olivier, the actor, Jascha Heifetz, violinist, Albert Einstein, Albert Scheitzer, Bernard Baruch, Winston Churchill, Somerset Maugham, and in one number, Jung, Adler, Freud; Cecil B. DeMille, Bertrand Russell, Jesus, Helen Keller, Pearl Buck, Eleanor Roosevelt, Pope Pius XII, Pablo Picasso. As one reads the contents of the previous 29 numbers one realizes what a valuable library one would have by possessing them all.

Why not write to The Wisdom Society, 8800 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California, and ask for information about their work? The writer of these words is seriously considering taking out a membership in The Wisdom Society.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT is a beautiful day on this 16th of December, as I write these lines. It isn't a bit like the snow-clad hills which are pictured on our January cover; but tradition is tradition, and we are supposed to have snow in January, so I'm expecting it—but oh, today, isn't it grand? I just read a Christmas card from California, boasting about their sunshine! Well, it's a beautiful day in Chicago today!

Way back in July, when I was in Cuernavaca, Mexico, I stood in the little bus station where a "Turismo" auto had deposited myself and my one bag. (I had left all my luggage at a hotel in Mexico City, bringing with me a tall, narrow Mexican basket in which I had enough clothing for the one week I should be away from Mexico City.) I had not originally planned to go to Cuernavaca, but having seen by the map that Cuernavaca lay right on my route to Taxco, I had at the last moment decided to stop off there. Having no reservation, I spoke to a gentle looking, elderly woman at a small lunch counter in the station, telling her of my difficulty.

After much thought and silence she said she might be able to help me. She went to the telephone, returning soon and saying she would send a little girl with me to take me to the hotel of a friend of hers and if I did not like it of course I need not stay there. The

little girl escorted me, carrying my tall Mexican basket (nearly as tall as herself) and would not let me relieve her of it. The little hotel was not suitable, but the proprietor sent me, still escorted by the little girl, to another, as I thought, hotel which he owned.

We turned into a street which was so narrow and so cluttered with people and shops that I thought of the expression I had heard somewhere—"thieves' market." I hope any Mexican reading this will forgive me. But we passed the big market of Cuernavaca and it looked so dark and forbidding to me, that when the girl stopped only a few houses further on, in front of a great high black door which seemed at the moment like a huge garage door, I said to myself: "Well, if Dr. Bradley could see me at this moment he would never expect to see his secretary again." Finally, after a long wait, a timid little girl of about twelve years opened the huge black door. We stepped into an equally huge hallway, and after walking about 100 feet, came upon a patio, with trees and a swimming pool in which three young girls were having a grand time.

I had to wait for the return of their mother, who showed me to a room off the living room and the patio, with bathroom adjoining, and I stayed in this peaceful home for two days and nights, waited on by the mother of the household. I discovered eventually that this was the home of the proprietor of the first hotel I visited.

I had dinner in the home, while watching TV, with one of these give-away programs, in which the family seemed greatly interested. It was a "Jell-O" program and the "Queen for the Day" was a little old widow who was to receive quite a sum of money, including some entertainment for the day.

I was staying only a block from the main square of the city, where was the Cortez Palace; the one in which Mr. Morrow, when he was our Ambassador to Mexico, stayed in preference to remaining in Mexico City. He had contracted with the artist Rivera to do some murals in the palace and had presented these paintings to the city of Cuenavaca.

I enjoyed among other things, the Borda Gardens, with Carlotta's huge swimming pool, the mother of all swimming pools in Mexico. The last afternoon I was there threatened rain and I stayed indoors, helping my hostess make a little dress for her youngest. We had a nice visit together and I felt that the friendly chat brought the United States and Mexico that much closer in the hearts of two women, at least. So my "thieves' market" street turned out to be quite interesting.

* * *

I wonder how many read an article in November 15th Sunday Tribune, about "the warm hearted, wise, and courageous woman whose life proves that an artificial hand and an ailing hip have nothing to do with one's backbone."

In 1892 she had her right hand and forearm removed to stop a cancerous growth. She was then 15. She persuaded the doctor to save her elbow joint, which made the artificial hand and arm more workable.

"Always I had wanted to be a writer, and it seemed a great blow then to lose my right hand. To add to my troubles, I was confined to a wheel chair because of tuberculosis of the hip."

"I decided my ailing hip had nothing to do with my backbone, so, out of sheer stubbornness, I finally got out of that chair and walked. While I had sat becalmed, I began training my left hand to behave like a right one, and

I resolved that I would have no empty sleeves to attract curious stares. In time I learned to manipulate my artificial hand and arm so naturally that strangers rarely notice it."

Grace Neff Brett wrote the article which appeared in the Sunday Tribune. She was writing about Mary Dickerson Donahey, who was graduated from St. Mary's Episcopal School for Girls as valedictorian. She began writing immediately, selling many magazine stories and articles.

She wrote 20 children's books. One of them, "The Castle of Grumpy Grouch," after 40 years was recently reissued. She wrote for the New York Journal and Sunday World and was one of the first women newspaper reporters in New York City. Then she joined the staff of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and became the first newspaper woman in Ohio.

Grace Neff Brett met Mary in 1925. Mary was then President of the Illinois Women's Press Association. Mary became "godmother" to the group of college career girls who decided to form a professional writers' club called Matrix. She helped them through trying days and writing careers, and shared her charge accounts and purse during the depression, counseled them and helped them market articles, stories, and books—in fact, adopted all 21 of the girls as her "literary daughters."

Mary and William Donahey, because they love children, have devoted their lives to inspiring children through their books and drawings, and by "adopting" them in one way and another, including their first, adopted through the Foster Parents Plan. They said: "We would like to adopt one of your most needy children, preferably a Jewish child who has gone through the sufferings of a concentration camp." And this child, Dora, is fulfilling her dream of caring for children in a nursery in Israel. Mrs. Donahey through the years supported and guided Dora as a dear and loving "grandmother."

The Women's Advertising Club of Chicago selected Mary Dickerson Donahey as "The Woman of Distinction" in 1955.

Today this lovely "Woman of Distinction" is approaching 84. She spends most of her time in her air conditioned rooms, because of recent repeated cancer operations. Does she stay in bed? Oh, no! She keeps very busy reading, writing and talking to her many friends by phone and in person.

Mary says: "Thank the Lord for good books, good friends, our many kind 'children,' and wonderful Bill, who looks after me and does so many things so well."

Bill says: "She's the greatest! Makes me respect all women!"

To all who spoil their lives with self-pity, Grace Neff Brett's story of her friend Mary Dickerson Donahey should be a great inspiration. It was to me and I thought it well worth while to relate it in brief for the benefit of any of our readers who might have missed seeing it.

* * *

And now, for our Mail Bag:

John R. Reeverts wrote from Oregon, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Since mother's passing in August I had been attending church services regularly with my family, but last Sunday I listened to your service from the Peoples Church—just as mother and I did almost every week during her invalid years.

I joined in your silent prayer and then derived a real inspiration from yours. There is a great power in prayer as you well know. The last few days before mother's death, when I knew

that her lot could only be increased suffering, I prayed fervently to God that He would release her. He took her home two days later.

I am so happy that you brought out the importance of *living* Christianity, as does this dear lady who writes for the blind. There are myriads of people in Rest Homes and in Hospitals today who are "forgotten" by relatives, friends, and the world about them. Even the convalescent home where mother spent the last seven weeks of her life on earth has its "forgotten" people. I cannot help but feel that for many of the heartless individuals who neglect these people, there will be a day of retribution.

In the ever-increasing turmoil of everyday living, we are so prone to forget to lend that helping hand or to try to cool the fevered brow. Some day many of us may look in retrospect when we, too, are incapacitated.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one lonely person
Into happiness again,
I shall not live in vain.
—Emily Dickinson.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

From time to time, ever since I can remember, you and your works have been an influence in our lives. When we were very small children at home in Racine, Wisconsin, we had to "shush" every Sunday during your radio service. Then later, in my 'teens, when I could understand, my Dad and I occasionally took the North Shore on Sunday morning to the Peoples Church. You married my sister and her husband in 1946.

Years after I married we moved to Dowagiac, where we found an excellent federated church, with an excellent minister, Rev. John Paul Jones. His sermons were reminiscent of yours, and we felt very fortunate in having found a liberal, intellectual, non-sectarian church in such a small community. For twelve years John Paul served us, helping us build a beautiful new church. A segment of the congregation objected to his "lecture-type" sermons, the absence of a great deal of ritual, etc., and John Paul has now left us for the East. We now have a very stereotype minister, and it would appear we are going to lose our liberalism.

Today we tuned in your service, and what a comfort to hear the same vibrant, inspiring Dr. Bradley.

We have not been a family of means, and we have, therefore, not given much monetary support to your church in the past—and we have received much inspiration.

The enclosed is too little, but we hope not too late. We shall follow it with more from time to time.

We feel privileged that we can still have the inspiration from John Paul through correspondence, and from Dr. Bradley through radio, and now in our middle years we will do what we can in our small way to support such good works.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. John R. Lutes.

* * *

A radio listener who enclosed $2 suggested that those who listen on the radio might consider sending the $2 carfare they save in a month, to the church as an offering.

* * *

From Long Beach, California, the Mail Bag received this letter:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Once again it was my great pleasure to hear the voice of my former Pastor, neighbor and good friend, and the

preacher who performed the wedding ceremony for Thomas O. Tracy and me; and this happened 34 years ago the 7th of November in your Study on Gault Avenue.

Every word you uttered this morning on The Breakfast Club program was *so* interesting — even the humor and laughter was enjoyed, and I literally hung on every word you uttered and fancied I could hear you laugh at the jokes, but the subject matter of the program is no joke, but a serious and shameful condition.

It is always a treat when I can hear you on the radio and I only wish I might hear you more often. My thought goes back to the Sunday mornings I sat in the balcony of the Pantheon Theatre, or the Wilson Avenue Theatre, and the Sunday morning my Mother was with me in the Wilson Avenue Theatre and enjoyed your sermon so much.

Kindest wishes always.

Sincerely yours,
Louise L. Tracy.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This morning I waited in the car while my wife dashed into a little hat-shop in our village.

Turning on the car radio I was fortunate in picking up your very interesting comments on the Breakfast Club.

Your statement of the Christian attitude of forgiveness, in re Van Doren, was outstanding and I joined in the applause.

On the lighter side it was fun to hear Don squirm after your characterization of present day TV commercials.

I am not a chronic letter writer. For the first offense of my life, in that category, I enclose a copy of a letter I wrote a few days ago, to one of our newspapers. No doubt it found itself immediately in the editor's "round file," but I felt better for getting it off my chest.

I have had occasion to be in your audience on many opportunities in Rotary, Scouting and other civic affairs, and appreciate your great spiritual and civic leadership.

Sincerely,
Paul H. Love.

And now we quote the letter which Mr. Love wrote to "one of the newspapers:"

Dear Sir:

. . . and then there are the *hucksters* on TV.

The "pitch" of the colorful old quack of yesteryear, who peddled his swamp-root cure-alls from the torch-lit tailgate of his wagon, was the soul of integrity and good taste, compared to the intelligence-insulting effluvium now being erupted into our homes via TV commercials.

The modern pitchman's patter is incessant and obnoxious. Hurled unceremoniously at viewers, who do not quite reach the turn-off knob in time, are groaning victims clutching agonized tummies, sufferers from bad breath, tooth decay, unruly hair, arm-pit odor, sandpaper beards, constipation, tired blood, ad nauseum.

Ridiculous and revolting diagrams pound and flash, sinuses drain, thinking men filter, sewers flush, girdles gyrate, corns throb and nostrumous, multi-syllabled concoctions promise miraculous panaceas.

Otherwise worthy programs are tortured and lacerated by a repetitious rabble of half-truths, untruths and inanities, erupted with nauseating abruptness into the family circle.

The pat reply to those who question the honesty and good taste of this TV fare is "the public gets what it wants and deserves." An aroused public

might well shock the TV hucksters.

Unless this unpurged fakery is discredited and stopped TV could die deader than Peruna.

Signed and sincerely,
P. H. Love, a TV Newcomer.

* * *

We feel certain that all who read Mr. Love's letter to the newspaper will not only chuckle with delight, but will also sympathize deeply with every sentiment therein stated. Thank you, Mr. Love, for being the mouthpiece of us all—an irate public!

And now from nearby Delavan we read this letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

What a help was the broadcast of your words and the services of the church on Sundays between 1930 and 1932 for a teacher who took care of an aunt, an invalid, helpless and speechless for many months.

Ten years later life was made brighter for the same teacher, who lived in a third-floor apartment and could not go to church for several months because of a sprained ankle.

May I express my appreciation and gratitude for all you have said and done to help others.

If the address "What About Charles Van Doren?" has been transcribed, may I have a copy? Please send me "The Liberalist" for one year.

Enclosed I send a check for five dollars to pay for these papers and use the remainder for the church.

With much gratitude.

Annie Lou Giles.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

How very kind of you to give such very comforting words to us at my dear father's funeral. You spoke from your heart, and you reached ours, and I am so grateful to you.

When my father could no longer attend church, he never failed to listen to you on the radio. How very many you reach with your words of wisdom.

I know God blesses you in many, many ways for all the good you are expressing. My every good wish to you always.

Sincerely,
Ruth Thompson Nielsen.

* * *

Of interest is this letter from the pastor of the United Church of Truth, 918 S.W. Yamhill Street, Portland 5, Oregon:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a note to thank you for the longer sermons printed in recent issues of your fine magazine.

I hope you will continue to print your sermons more in detail—and that you will not shorten them, as has been the policy in the past.

We greatly ENJOY your sermons. I think your sermon is the MOST IMPORTANT part of the magazine, and I hope that all sermons published in the future will be word-for-word, as you give them in your pulpit. We look to you for this help and inspiration You have a great influence.

Sincerely,
Rev. William J. Atzbaugh.

* * *

So much good is accomplished by the broadcast of our services, as witness this letter from Dodgeville, Wisconsin:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

For a long time I have wanted to write a note, telling you how we enjoy the services from your church over WLS on Sunday mornings, but my time for correspondence is very limited, as I am working every day and there is illness of many years' standing in our home. This keeps me busy.

We cannot attend our own church

services and are very grateful for the beautiful services we can attend by radio, and we look forward to them every week. We wish we could attend your lectures on Sunday evenings, but are very thankful we have the privilege of enjoying your wonderful sermons on Sunday mornings.

We appreciate your great respect for all faiths. That is as my mother taught me. But I am sorry to say this is a community that it less liberal, and it grieves me when people speak of other faiths with disrespect.

I wish my little offering could be much more.

God bless you and give you good health and strength to continue in your service for our blessed Lord.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Leslie Rowe.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

When patronizing our advertisers please mention "THE LIBERALIST"

OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services are carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services are thus extending to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

A Division of
KEMPER Insurance

Chicago 40

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Sunday Morning Sermon,
Peoples Church.
Three broadcasts:
WLS—WCFL—WSEL.
Opening Sunday evening Lecture.
Peoples Church.
2—Funeral.
Hospital calls.
3—Luncheon, Chicago Chapter,
Izaak Walton League.
4—Worked all day in Study.
Dinner with Dr. and Mrs.
Herbert Phillips of Albert
Schweitzer Education Found.
Anshe Emet Synagogue—Play.
5—Funeral.
Goodman Theatre.
6—Funeral.
Cut broadcast program for ABC.
Orchestra Hall. T. S. Eliot.
7—Friends of Literature Luncheon.
Presented award to Consul General
and Mrs. Robert Whyte Mason.
Wedding.
8—Sunday Morning Sermon,
Peoples Church.
Three broadcasts:
WLS—WCFL—WSEL.
Sunday evening Lecture.
9—Worked in Study all day.
10—Funeral.
Radio interview, WCFL,
with Bob Elson, Pump Room,
Ambassador East.
11—Radio symposium, ABC network,
WLS, with Sterling (Red) Quinlan,
Mgr. WBKB, Channel 5. Symposium
on Charles Van Doren affair.
Banquet honoring Archbishop
Bernard J. Sheil.
12—Worked in Study.
Opening of Annual Bazaar
Peoples Church.
13—Peoples Church Annual Bazaar.
14—Funeral.
Worked in Study.
15—Sunday morning Sermon.
Three Broadcasts:
WLS—WCFL—WSEL.
Sunday evening Lecture.
16—Funeral.
17—Worked in Study.
18—Worked in Study.
19—Two funerals.
Wedding.
Address. Uptown Lions Club,
Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Address. Norman Bridge PTA.
20—Funeral.
Cut 5 recordings of Thanksgiving
Talks, WGN-TV.
Cut two records WBBM.
Address, Men's Club, First
Evangelical United Brethren Church.
21—Two weddings.
22—Sunday morning Sermon,
Peoples Church.
Three broadcasts:
WLS—WCFL—WSEL.
Sunday evening lecture.
23—Funeral.
Meeting, Board of Directors
Chicago Public Library.
Reception for British Consul
General and Mrs. Robert
Whyte Mason.
Address, Drexel Home for the Aged.
24—Address. Chicago Junior Association
of Commerce, Civic Opera
Building.
25—Address, Austin Lions Club,
Inter-club Thanksgiving meeting,
Austin YMCA.
Cut record of interview with
Herb Lyons for WGN-TV.
26—Community Thanksgiving Service,
Peoples Church.
Broadcasts today: five radio;
four TV.
27—Luncheon, University Club,
"Wranglers" reunion for
Dr. J. Morriston Thomas.
28—Funeral.
Hospital calls.
29—Wedding.
Sunday morning Sermon, Peoples Church.
Three Broadcasts:
WLS—WCFL—WSEL.
Albert Schweitzer-in-South-
America Night, with Dr.
Herbert Phillips and Dr.
Theodor Binder (of So. Amer.)
and Peruvian Consul Benavides.
30—Working in Study.

FUNERALS

2—Fannie G. Main
5—Clarence L. Peterson
6—Thomas J. Spears
10—Vernon Thompson
14—Ann Gastard
16—Mrs. Elsa Nimtz
19—William B. Frank
Mrs. Anna Lemke
20—Miss Harriet Daly
23—Joseph E. Idzal
28—Mrs. Elizabeth Egan

WEDDINGS

7—Maria Hughes and
Harold Gibson
19—Frances Hardy and
William Hart
21—Mary Uitti and William Barrett
Louise Bennett and
Stanley E. Zahn
29—Rosalie Grosch and Jack McGill

CHRISTENINGS

15—Diane Tracey Francis, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Francis
22—Kathy Ann Brownridge, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Brownridge

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall ..... 9:00 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

The Young Adults (married or single under 30) Meet every Sunday Evening in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Jan. 3, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.

Jan. 10, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Tuesday, Jan. 5, Literature Day; "Laughter and Life in Books" by Mrs. Ann Folger; Mrs. Mark W. Bradway, Chairman ..... 1:00 p.m.

Tues., Jan. 19, Education Day, Painting Demonstration by Mr. Charles Vickery, Artist. Mrs. C. C. Craig, Chairman ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Sunday, January 10, Afternoon Tea; Mrs. Edith Harrison will present Kodachrome slides of beautiful Hawaii, with Hawaiian background music ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Men's Club: Tuesday, Jan. 26, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS, Broadcast of entire morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL, Rebroadcast of morning sermon (104.3 FM) ..... 9:30 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check ... money order for $2.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

"The Church Is Always Asking For Money"

Of course it is! So are your schools and municipalities—and they can levy mandatory taxes to pay for the services you (collectively) demand. So are your lodges, your service and social clubs, and your professional societies—or you are dropped from the rolls. So is your banker—or he will foreclose your mortgage. So is your insurance company—or it will cancel your policy. So is your grocer—or you get no food for your family.

Yes, the Church, like every other vital institution of our lives today, does need money for the program you demand of it. Money is coined personality, it is manpower stored up in exchangeable form. In asking for money, the Church is really asking for *you*—asking you to power your faith for religious action, asking you to care enough to share enough, *voluntarily.*

* * *

I need my church because it helps me to have a sane perspective. It renews my faith in humanity. It keeps alive those spiritual perspectives which all too often are almost smothered under the week's load of grinding events.

* * *

I go to Church because there is beauty in any Church service, and food for thought in every sermon. The hurry of existence leaves little enough time for the finest things, for the contemplation from which creative ideas arise.